

CASCADIA JCL



Vox Latina

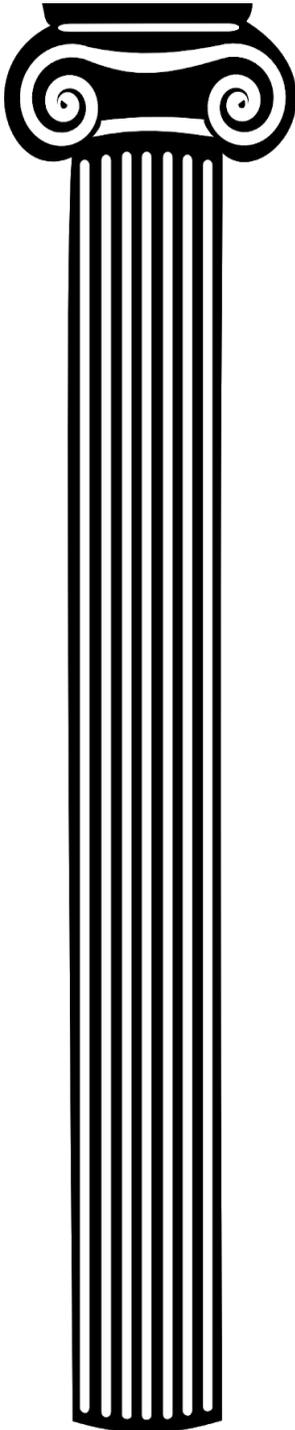
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Edited by Kenji N.

Salvete Omnes!

The 73rd Cascadia JCL convention is quickly approaching! Be sure to register and plan ahead!

April 3-5, 2020

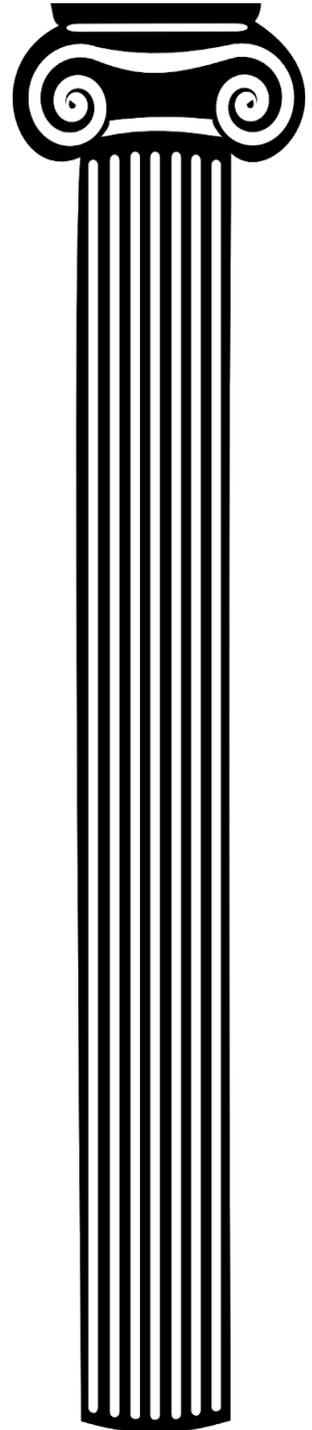


*OMNES ... SVMMA OPE NITI DECET,
NE VITAM SILENTIO TRANSEANT*

“It befits all to strive with greatest effort, lest they pass their lives in silence.” –*Sallust Bellum Catilinae 1.1*

Our Creed:

We the members of the Junior Classical League, covenant to hand on the torch of classical civilization in the modern world. We believe an acquaintance with the civilization of Greece and Rome will help us understand and appraise this world of today, Which is indebted to the ancient civilization in its government and laws, literature, language and arts. We affirm the JCL experience develops responsibility, fosters brotherhood, promotes enthusiasm, encourages competition, inspires dedication and enriches our total growth.



CJCL Catalogue:

Represent Cascadia JCL with sweatpants, 12-oz water bottles, long sleeve shirts, sweatshirts, and quarter zips, available for purchase at this year's upcoming convention! Clothing is available in sizes S, M, L, XL, and XXL. *N.B.* Actual appearances may differ from pictures.



(Actual water bottle will be purple on white.)



Essay & Modern Myth:

The following are four outstanding submissions from last year's Essay Contest and Modern Myth Contest. For more information on how to enter visit: www.cascadiajcl.org

Emma A., CLC

Heroes Inspired by Greek Mythology

Greek myths have been passed down from generation to generation. Created by the ancient Greeks, and sometimes Romans, they portray divine gods and goddesses interacting with themselves and sometimes humans. Blah, blah, blah, you already know this don't you? Okay, good, that means we're all on the same page, literally. (LOL) But seriously, I'm not here to talk about stuff you can read in a school book, (BORING)! I'm writing this essay (and breaking a ton of writing essay rules, such as mentioning that this is an essay) to show the Superheroes inspired by these Greek myth legends. Why? Because it's an exciting and awesome way to learn about the Greek gods and sound amazing around superhero nerds. Warning: not all of these superheroes are well known, and for some of these you have to be a comic book nerd to have heard of them. Okay, here we go!

First Up... Namor! Ruler of the Undersea realm of Atlantis Besides looking like Spock in a speedo, Namor is quite obviously based after the Greek god Poseidon, or the Roman god Neptune. Like Neptune, he is ruler of the seas, and can control their power, along with the creatures in it. Despite what some people think, Namor is NOT an AquaMan ripoff. Namor was created by Marvel before AquaMan. In fact he was one of the first comic book characters to be created. My personal

favorite comic with Namor is when he is being crowned king, and riding a chariot pulled by giant sea turtles! Namor has a huge heart for his subjects, but feels little loyalty to the people on land. He won't hesitate to attack the 'surface world' if he feels they are a threat to the sea and his people. The only human person he cares about is Susan Storm a.k.a Invisible Woman, a member of the Fantastic Four. His mother was a princess of Atlantis and fell in love with a man on the surface a.k.a land. Namor, however, chooses to stay loyal to his mother's people, and rules the sea, though he is capable of surviving on land. Like Neptune, he wields a gold trident. The only question here is should he ditch the speedo? The answer in my opinion is yes...yes he should.

DC PResents...Shazam! The goofy but dangerous hero Shazam is not just based after a Greek god, he was given the power of six Greek gods! (Warning, reading this may ruin some of the details of the movie Shazam, so if you're planning on watching you may want to skip this one.) Ok, now that that's out of the way let's continue. Before Shazam became...well...Shazam, he was a young delinquent named Billy Batson. Running away from many foster homes, Billy never expected to magically be teleported to a wizard who gave him the powers of Shazam. The wizard was dying and had no choice but to pass on his powers to the unlikely hero. He gave the boy the powers of the gods Solomon (fame), Hercules (physical strength), Atlas (flight), Zeus (lightning), Achilles (endurance), and Mercury (speed). This not only made him incredibly powerful, but gave him the form of an adult when he said the word "SHAZAM"! Instead of using his powers to be a hero, like most boys dream of, Billy used them to disguise himself as an adult so he could sneak out of school, and escape punishment from his delinquent activities. However, when Billy gets sent to a foster family that doesn't give up on him despite his behavior, Billy becomes

a full time superhero to save his family, and have some fun as well.

Note: Shazam was originally gonna be called Captain Marvel, but Marvel stole the title for their own character.

Ladies and Gentlemen...Hercules! Yes, this is the god Hercules from the Greek myths, but did you know he has a side gig as a comic book hero? Fun loving 'Herc' is good friends with the Avengers, and even fights along with the team when he's not in Olympus with his father. Like in mythology, his father is the mighty Zeus/Jupiter and his mother a mortal named Alcmena. Surpassing any skill that involves physical activity, Herc is an amazing warrior and Avenger. The first time he met the Avengers, he fought them under the spell of the wicked goddess Enchantress, who tried to destroy the superhero team. QuickSilver found a way to break her spell and free Hercules, who apologized and became friends with the Avengers. He had to live in Tony's mansion for a while, since his outraged father banished him for the incident. Good old Herc loves to enjoy himself on earth, visiting clubs with lots of women and drinks. He is constantly putting a positive spin on situations, and is more powerful than most of his opponents.

This Looks Like a job for...SuperMan! SuperMan a.k.a Clark Kent was the first superhero ever created, with the exception of the not-so-very-famous Dr. Mystic. Believe it or not...SuperMan is based after the god Zeus/Jupiter. Zeus is the first of all gods, the most powerful, and often explores the life of mortals and forms relationships with them. Superman is from another planet, but lives on earth. He is arguably the most powerful as well. Since SuperMan is a common superhero, I don't think it's necessary to go through his story, but here's a quick summary: his planet went bang, he crashed to earth in a pod, and he got adopted and decided to become a superhero (because why not) who conceals his identity with glasses. You knew that? All right....

The Powerful...Phoenix! Phoenix a.k.a Jean Gray, used to be the only girl on the X-Men team. At first she was called Marvel Girl. She had telepathic powers, and was often considered the least powerful of the superhero group. But then, dun duh dun, feminism happened! Jean Gray sacrificed herself to save her teammates, and crashed a rocket with herself in it. But then she magically emerged reborn as the all-powerful Phoenix. She absorbed the atomic power from the rocket, and was given the power of one who has been resurrected. The authors based this version of Jean after the goddess Bia. Bia (Vis is her Roman name) is the goddess of pure power and raw energy. This describes Phoenix very well, as she often loses control of her own power. Her powers are so vast, there isn't really a limit to them, her mind being the only limit. When Jean is in control of her powers, she has a sweet and kind personality.

Here She IS folks...Wonder Woman! Diana Prince a.k.a Wonder Woman, grew up on a secret island, where "no boys" was the number one rule. Only women lived on the island called Themyscira. Diana's mother was the queen, and she was loved by everyone. The princess was tutored and trained by the fearsome Ares, god of war, and it wasn't until she was an adult that Diana found out who she truly was. She was the daughter of the mighty Zeus, and sister to Ares. When Zeus disappeared for hundreds of years, Ares decided to claim the throne, and in doing so to subject earth to his rule. Diana learned of this, and went to earth to save mortals from her brother. After a long bloody battle, Diana defeated her brother, and took up his mantle to become the new god of war. No longer welcome at Themyscira for going to earth, she chose to become earth's protector, and eventually joined the Justice League. Note: Diana is based after the goddess of war, Bellona and sister of Ares. DC just thought Diana sounded better than Bellona.

Well, there you have it! The heroes based after Greek and Roman mythology. I

could go on listing more...and more...and... more...but then you guys would just get bored. Anyhow, thanks for reading and nerding out with me! As you can tell, I'm a hard core fangirl of both superheroes and greek mythology! To learn more about superheroes and their relation to myths, check out Before Marvel and DC: Superheroes of the ancient world at www.bbc.com.

Jacob B., CCA

The Twelfth Labor of Heracles Starring Rhetoricles

It was a bright warm morning when Heracles woke up. He sat up in his bed and remembered the labor that lay before him: capturing Hades' favorite pet, his dog Cerberus.

"Well, I better eat a good breakfast," Heracles said decisively.

So he sat down at his kitchen table and ate some leftover boar that he had hunted the day before.

"Breakfast of champions!" exclaimed Heracles, taking another giant bite of room-temperature, partially spoiled boar.

After breakfast, Heracles got dressed and grabbed his trusty lion skin and was off to start his journey to capture Cerberus. He got on his horse and started riding to the entrance of the Underworld.

Meanwhile, a man named Rhetoricles was also starting his day. Rhetoricles was extremely fascinated by all the labors Heracles had already accomplished. Some might say he was Heracles' biggest fan.

Rhetoricles got out of bed, got dressed and went to the kitchen to eat breakfast. Being Heracles' biggest fan, Rhetoricles knew that Heracles loved to eat boar. So that is what he chose to eat for breakfast.

"Is this not what Heracles himself would eat for breakfast?" he asked himself, already knowing the answer to his question. "Is this not the breakfast of champions?" he said, again already knowing the answer.

After Rhetoricles' 'breakfast of champions', he went outside to enjoy the morning sun.

"Ah, is this not a beautiful day?" he asked needlessly.

Then Rhetoricles heard a horse coming down the road. He looked down the road and saw Heracles himself riding in all his glory. Frozen with awe, Rhetoricles stood in the road unable to move. Heracles did not see Rhetoricles as he was too busy checking out his bulging muscles.

"These arms are so big they would rival even Ares!" Heracles said, admiring himself.

Then, since Heracles was not paying attention and Rhetoricles was unable to move at the sight of Heracles, Heracles hit Rhetoricles with his horse.

"What are you doing in the middle of the road?" Heracles yelled.

"Was I not standing in the middle of the road? Did you not see me?" Rhetoricles asked in pain, having just been trampled by a horse.

"Obviously I didn't see you! Why would you ask me that?" Heracles asked in confusion.

"Is that not who I am? Is that not how I was born? Am I not Rhetoricles, asker of rhetorical questions?" Rhetoricles responded.

"Well, I have a labor to get to. I have to capture the great Cerberus from the Underworld, so I better get going." Heracles said, inching away from Rhetoricles.

"Oh, would it not be a great honor if I could accompany you on your journeys? For am I not your biggest fan?" Rhetoricles asked hopefully.

"Are you asking to come with me on my quest?" Heracles was genuinely confused by all the rhetorical questions being asked of him.

"Is that not the very thing I ask of you?" Rhetoricles asked excitedly.

"You know—whatever—just get on the back of my horse and try to stay out of the

way," Hercules sputtered, beginning to get irritated.

So they were off to the entrance to the Underworld. The road was long and filled with rhetorical question after rhetorical question from Rhetoricles. Heracles was beginning to regret taking Rhetoricles on his quest.

They reached the entrance to the Underworld and descended into it. It was dark and misty and they could hear the groans of the dead already.

"Is this not the scariest place you've ever been?" Rhetoricles asked shivering in fear.

They reached Charon and attempted to cross the river with him.

"Hey man, I'm supposed to capture that big three-headed snake dog in there. Do you think you could let us across?" Heracles asked.

In a quiet low voice Charon answered: "No."

"OK, but this is kind of really important so—how about you just let me go in there really quick?" Heracles tried again.

"No," Charon answered.

"O Charon, who is there that would not let us across? Is this not the greatest man alive? Is this not Heracles himself? Would you—could you—deny a request from the great Heracles?" Rhetoricles pleaded with Charon.

"OK, OK, you can cross! Just please stop asking all those questions!" Charon answered, incredibly annoyed.

So they crossed the river and went to capture Cerberus. When they found the great hound, Heracles laid down his weapons and began to wrestle with Cerberus, with Rhetoricles unnecessarily narrating in the background.

"Will Heracles not defeat this beast?" Rhetoricles exclaimed.

"Not right now, Rhetoricles!" Heracles panted while holding back one of Cerberus' heads.

"For the sake of the great Heracles, will I not stop?" Rhetoricles replied. And then he sat down quietly.

Then Heracles choked Cerberus into submission, beating and capturing the great beast and thus ending his last labor.

Anneka S., CCA

Characters:

Metano (*metanoia*, 'change of heart'): jealous satyr

Eripne (*eripne*, 'broken cliff/crack'): daughter of Poseidon; goddess of Rocky Mountain freshwater

Ion (*ios*, 'poison, rust'): prairie rattlesnake with venom strong enough to dampen the power of the gods

One sunny Saturday evening a satyr named Metano roamed amidst Engelmann spruce trees and fawn lilies. He walked quickly and aimlessly, crushing wildflowers with his hooves as he went, indifferent to the beauty he was destroying. He muttered aloud, for there was no one around to judge him. He spoke about his goals of being known. Boredom and powerlessness caused his mind to feel foggy, his dreams out of reach. As the satyr wandered through the mountains, a thought entered his mind—awful, yet brilliant and cunning. A prairie rattlesnake named Ion lived less than a stade away. Ion's venom was said to dampen the power of the gods. Metano could use this venom to capture a god and take the god's power for himself. He watched the sunset over Cliff Lake in the distance and his plan began to form.

The next day Metano arose and found Ion soaking up the morning sun while lying on a smooth yellow rock. Metano promised Ion strength and power if he assisted him in pursuit of recognition. Ion, who always looked for glory and power, agreed quickly and they sat together refining their plan.

To the west a beautiful young goddess, Eripne, the daughter of Poseidon, began to sing. Her voice made the magpie dance and

the trout jump from the water in joy. Eripne was the goddess of the lakes and rivers of the Rocky Mountains. She lived in harmony with the birds of the sky and the freshwater fish swimming in her waters. Just over the crest of the nearest hill, Metano and Ion crouched, waiting for the perfect time to make their next move. The opportunity arose when Eripne left for her daily walk through the forest. Ion slithered down and poisoned Cliff Lake where she had been living. Eripne returned sooner than she usually did because she was filled with dread while she was walking. When she arrived, she found her fish sick and the feeling of dread did not leave her. Eripne figured she might feel better after a drink of water. She bent down to drink and soon after she began to feel drowsy. She promptly lay down and fell asleep.

When Eripne awoke, she felt more disconnected than she ever had before. She felt as if a part of her was missing. That was when she realized she was no longer in control of the lakes or rivers. At first she was perplexed, but her feelings soon turned to frustration. She looked around and discovered she was surrounded by yellow rock formations. Eripne turned her head slightly to find a satyr looking down, watching her every move. She asked him who he was. After Metano gave her his name, he demanded that she give him her powers. He threatened her and said he would do whatever he had to do to get her powers. Eripne was outraged that he would poison her fish and take her powers from her. She again denied him. Metano sighed and walked away, wishing there was a better way to gain power for himself.

Eripne began to come up with a plan. She would give him what he wanted, but she would banish him to the area where the stones were yellow and he would have to spend the rest of eternity there. Eripne also decided to imprison Ion, the rattlesnake who had poisoned her waters.

Eripne complied with Metano and offered to give him powers as long as he would let

her regain her powers beforehand and then let her go afterwards. Metano agreed but first made her promise that she would do as she said. As a pure and truthful goddess, she would not go back on her word. It took her a full week to regain her strength and power, but getting her power back felt like coming home.

Eripne did what she promised and gave Metano power over the lakes, rivers and ponds in the small area where she was being held captive. He had control of all of the water except one small lake. In this lake Eripne imprisoned Ion for poisoning her lake and fish. She named this small lake Old Faithful—and made sure the waters would faithfully imprison Ion. Metano felt the rush of power flow into him and for the first time he felt relevant, free. Eripne then banished Metano to the water table under the land where the rocks are yellow and made it so he was not allowed to leave. Eripne named the land where both are held captive “Yellowstone” after the yellow rocks and then promptly left to see what she could do to restore Cliff Lake, her home.

Ion regarded his imprisonment with bitterness and did everything he could to escape. Metano at first saw his punishment as unjust; his anger heated the water and scorched the earth. As the years passed, however, he began to understand why Eripne had banished him and he forgave her. He devoted the rest of his life to making up for his bad decision by creating beauty in the ways he could. He now causes the water to bubble and he has turned some springs blue or yellow. Now he heats the water to create steam so that one day Eripne might see how he has changed and the beauty he has created and release him. Ion, however, remains bitter and his constant struggles with Old Faithful simply make him angrier. He still tries to escape every 35 to 120 minutes and his bitterness is so strong, you can smell it all throughout Yellowstone.

Will M., CCA

The Last Labor of Hercules

A long time ago, somewhere between the last of his labors and his eventual death, Hercules was out in the fields of Athens. It was a sunny spring day, and Hercules was spending it the only way he knew how: wrestling large boars and gutting them with their own tusks. There wasn't much sport in it, on account of Hercules being, well, Hercules, but some of the less enlightened of Athens had come out to watch the spectacle. Hercules was just finishing disemboweling his thirteenth boar when a man stepped out of the ring of onlookers. Heedless of Hercules' blood-drenched form, and the steadily climbing pile of boar corpses, the man spoke:

"Hercules, son of Zeus, strongest of men! He who slew the Lernean Hydra and stole the golden apples from the garden of Hera! You are found in noncompliance with the law of Athens. You must appear in the agora at once or be deemed a criminal and exiled from this city."

Hercules only understood half of what this man said. He wasn't sure what Noncompliance was and he was pretty sure the field where he was found wasn't named Noncompliance. Not wanting to do anything disrespectful, so as to avoid having to exile himself and wear a dress again, he spoke:

"Fair Athenian, I will of course follow you to the agora, and I am sure we will be able to sort out this little misunderstanding."

So the two set off to the middle of the city, leaving the pile of boars in the middle of the field that might have been named Noncompliance. Along the way, Hercules began to wonder what he could have done to warrant the threat of exile. He hadn't murdered a family in a while, and as far as he knew, it was Troy he sacked, not Athens. As the strongest man in the world, Hercules didn't get nervous—nerves were for men who hadn't wrestled Cerberus. And still, a single bead of sweat tickled his brow.

They arrived in the agora of the city, where, to Hercules' surprise, there were more men gathered than had watched him in the field (which he was pretty sure might be called Noncompliance.)

"Hercules of Thebes, though your deeds of the past and present are told throughout Greece, your fame and strength will not shield you from our judgment."

Now Hercules was really sweating, though for the life of him he didn't know why. He could take out all of these people if he wanted to.

"Hercules, under the newly instated law of Athens, you have violated municipal and federal tax code."

Hercules was a little confused by this. Now, he was no dolt, but he had no idea what a tax code was. Was it some kind of code of honor? A law against stealing? He had no idea.

"Umm... what's a tax code?" Hercules scratched his head rather doltishly. The man leading the proceedings waved his question away.

"We've no time for explanations. If you are to be reconciled with the city of Athens, you must be audited." He turned to another man. "Bring out the W-4s!"

The sweat was back on Hercules' brow. He didn't understand what was happening and he really just wanted to slay another boar. Soon, Hercules was beset on all sides with questions and numbers. "And where did you say you got that lion's skin? Have you had its price evaluated yet? What is your primary source of income? Adventures? Well, that's a different form altogether." Hercules couldn't stand it; it took all of his willpower not to crush the skulls of these men. After several days, and an effort that was — well — herculean, the Athenians relented.

"Now, Hercules, you have survived our trials. The audit is finished!"

"Praise Zeus," Hercules said. "This nightmare is over." Almost weeping with joy,

Hercules bound to the door, a boy-like smile spreading across his face.

“Wait, Hercules, the audit is finished, but now you must pay your back taxes, which are approximately twenty-one million, one hundred seventy-five thousand, eight hundred and eighty two drachmas.” The man conferred with his colleagues for a moment. “It seems that this is the price of one adult lion skin, so we will take your lion skin and send you on your way.”

And that is the story of how Hercules lost one of his greatest prizes to the Athenian Internal Revenue Service. In his sadness, Hercules returned to the field he was now one hundred percent sure was called Noncompliance. There he killed some Noncomplianean boars, but his heart wasn't in it.